


FANTASTIC FREE SLIMER BADGE

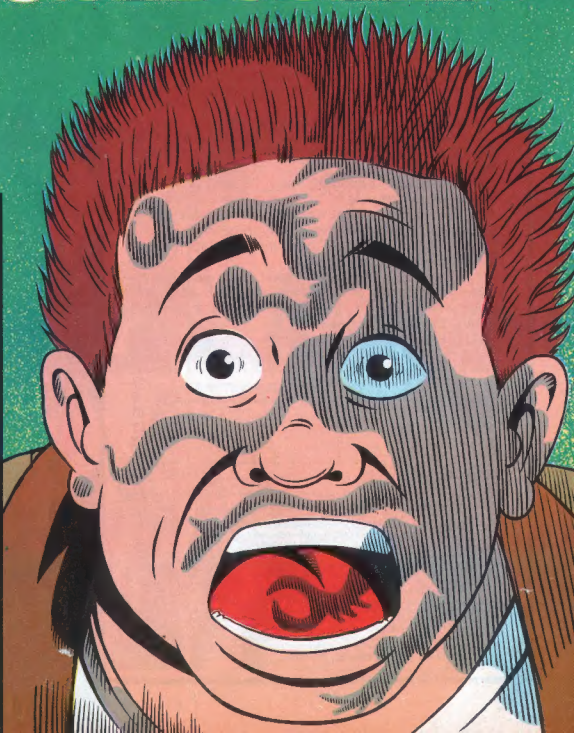
MARVEL
1st Apr 89

THE REAL

No 42 38p
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GH**STBUSTERS™**

FREE





There's no doubt about it, folks, we have for you here a truly monstrous issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** For this week opens up with **Monster Movie!**, a riotous romp through the wonderful world of the horror film. It's magic! Talking of which, the fabulous foursome find themselves up against a hoard of ghostly Arabs in **Arabian Frights!** What's more, they're a mean bunch of shoppers who know a bargain when they see one.

To make life even more wonderful for you, we're throwing in a **FREE SLIMER BADGE** with this issue. Whoopee!

As if that wasn't enough! Yes, **ACTIVISION** have just produced a great new **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** computer game, which, for those fans among you, will have you on the edge of your seats. Issue forty-three of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic will be running a competition in which you can win an **ATARI ST 520FM computer**, plus **14" colour TV** as first prize. Wow! There will also be twenty-five copies of the game as second prize and twenty-five **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS T-shirts** as third prizes. So tune in next week!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE

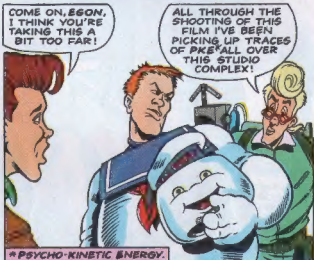
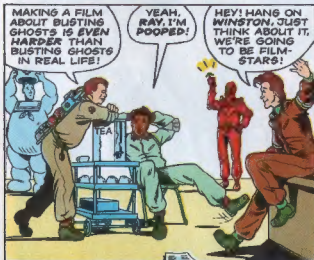
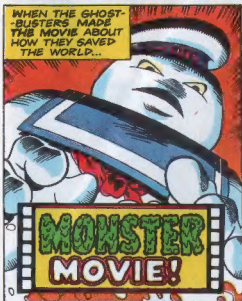


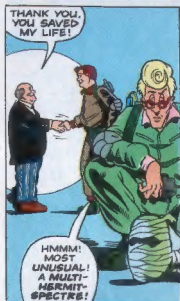
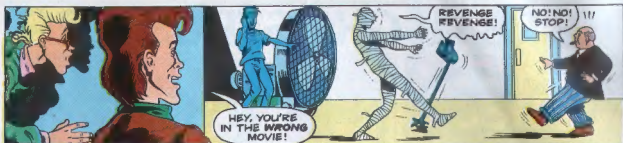
JANINE MELNITZ

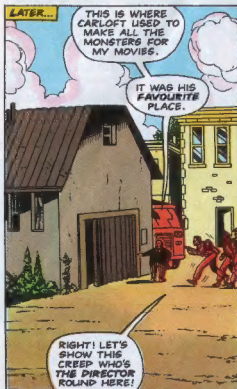


SLIMER

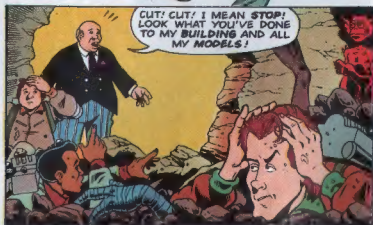
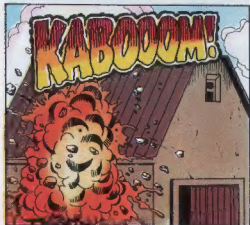
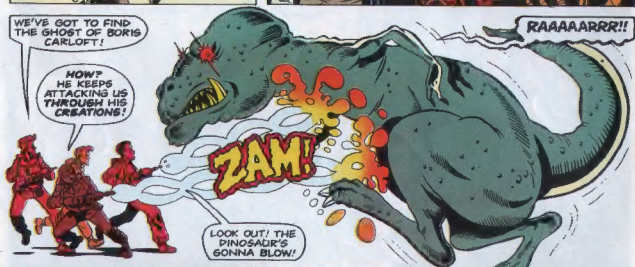
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™







SUDDENLY...





DEATH'S HEAD



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...AND
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YES?

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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

A WORD FROM EGON

Hello. Inspired by the theme of the movies, I thought I'd present a Spirit Guide on the subject of Spooks in the cinema this issue. Barely had I begun my research when it became apparent that I just wasn't qualified to expound on the subject. But I knew a man who was. . .

WINSTON'S MOVIE GUIDE

Hi there. Winston Zeddemore here, taking a rare and welcome opportunity to show it's not just Egon who knows all the details to fill up a Spirit Guide. Tell the readers about spooks and monsters in the movies, he said. So here are some of the best and the worst that are worth looking out for:

'The Dammitville Horror'

Made in the seventies, this classic horror film features a family who move into a bizarre old house, with a nasty history of funny goings-on, built on the site of a satanists graveyard at the confluence of a massive ley-line network on Friday 13th during a full moon and a power cut. Burt Brogues, veteran of the classic 50's B-movie *The Day The Earth Caught Cold*, plays the hero and loses.



PART 42

'Wednesday 17th Part II'

Third of the infamous absolutely-nothing-happens genre made by Texan Toby Cooper, in which the characters creep around in the dark whilst spooky music plays and send the audience into nervous fits, because after three hours of movie you're dying for something to jump out and eat them.

'Night Of The Natural Yoghurts'

Masterpiece of low-budget horror, 'NIGHT' features a small Nevada town under siege by bizarre mutants that turn out to be over-fermented Natural

Yoghurts. This was the first film by Canadian David Krugerberg, and established him as the world's master of cinematic yoghurt-horror.

'I Married A Yoghurt From Outer Space'

Krugerberg's second film, featuring a juicy part for young actress Brioney Beaver, as the girl who falls in love with an alien yoghurt. A close encounter of the low-fat kind. It was on the set of this film that Krugerberg first uttered his famous directorial catch-phrase: "More Yog! More Yog!"

'The Exercisist'

Another Krugerberg work, starring Jeff Gallstone as a fitness freak who eventually falls foul of his health diet and metamorphoses into a human yoghurt.

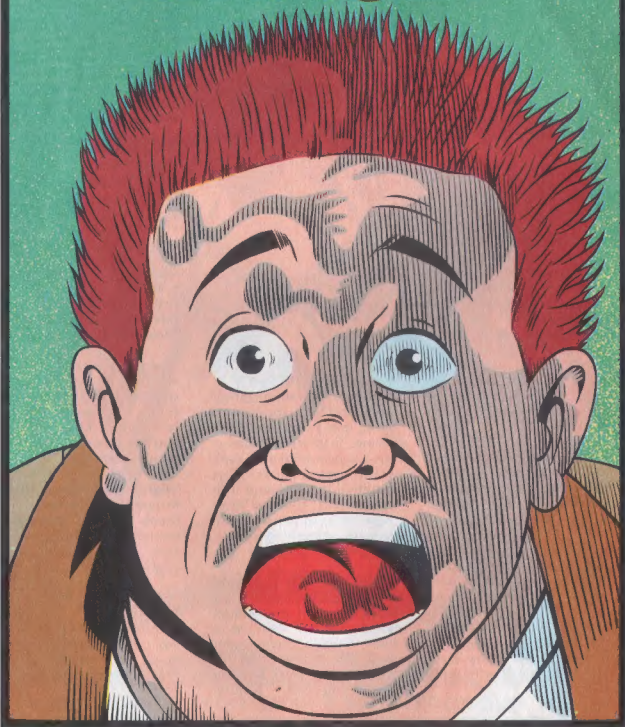
'Nightmare On Greek Street'

Krugerberg's attempt to break into the continental market. Predictably, the villain is a Greek goat's yoghurt.

'Naturala Has Risen From The Pot'

Vampire yoghurts, tin foil lids peeled back from the inside and stakes through the fruit. Krugerberg at his best.

WILD GHOST CHASE!



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and BAMBOS Colouring HEL

The only sound to be heard was the quiet crackle of the Proton Suspension Field that Egon had hastily rigged up in the centre of the room. Within the glowing lines of energy, a small, furry and down-right cute little monkey-thing crouched and turned his sad eyes towards Ray as he entered the room.

"That little thing?" Ray began, "But he's so small and furry and down-right cute ..."

"Sssh!" whispered Egon, "Don't disturb him. We're looking at a Class seven reactive free-roamer. It's extremely rare and very unpredictable. The suspension field is only containing it now because it's calm and quiet."

"What's all this about not being able to bust him?" Ray whispered back, suitably impressed.

"The reactives are tricky customers ... that's why it's a good thing they're rare," replied Egon. "Their ectoplasmic construction is constantly fluctuating making it almost impossible for a Proton beam to blast it, or a Ghost Trap to get a firm hold."

"So what do we do?"

Egon scratched his head. "Well, the make-shift suspension field I threw together should keep him in one place for a while. I'll just pop back to HQ and pick up a variable PKE monitor to attach to a Ghost Trap and with that we should be able to get him contained once and for all."

"What am I doing here?" asked Ray uncertainly.

"You've got to keep an eye on it while I'm gone. We don't want it wandering around unattended."

Ray shrugged. "Okay."

Egon turned to go. "Don't let him out of your sight. Don't disturb him. And don't touch him or anything."

"Why not?"

"Don't ask," said Egon and was gone.

In the semi-darkness of the department store staff room, Ray turned back to his charge. The small, furry and down-right cute reactive free-roamer turned its unbearably sweet eyes towards Ray and whimpered softly.

"Hey, don't you worry, little fella," said Ray soothingly, "your Uncle Ray is here. Everything will be all right."

The sweet little monkey-thing whimpered again and edged slowly towards the boundary of the suspension field, still looking at the Ghostbuster.

"It's all right ..." urged Ray. "Hey Egon? Egon?"

There was no answer. Ray gulped nervously as the little spook shuffled out of the field and across the floor towards him, whimpering softly like a lost puppy. "So, the field doesn't hold you either," thought Ray, and backed away a few steps. Still, the sad little thing approached, until it sat trembling at Ray's feet, and looked up at him utterly forlorn and heartbroken.

Ray's big heart couldn't cope with that. With a broad, encouraging smile he bent down and patted the thing on the top of its furry head. "There, there ..." he murmured, "see, I'm your friend ..."

It was about then that Ray realised he had just made a serious error. There was a low whine from the spook, which grew into a dull growl and then into a full-throated holler. As the sound grew, so did the spook itself, its down-right cuteness stretching into an all-out monstrosity. The sad eyes became fiery and furious. The trembling mouth became a gaping maw of sulphurous flames and gnashing teeth. In a moment, the reactive free-roamer had become a demonic vapour of fearsome aspect, a good nine-feet-tall, with long powerful limbs, and great big pointy-teeth.

"That's not," mused Ray, "the reaction I had expected." and fled.

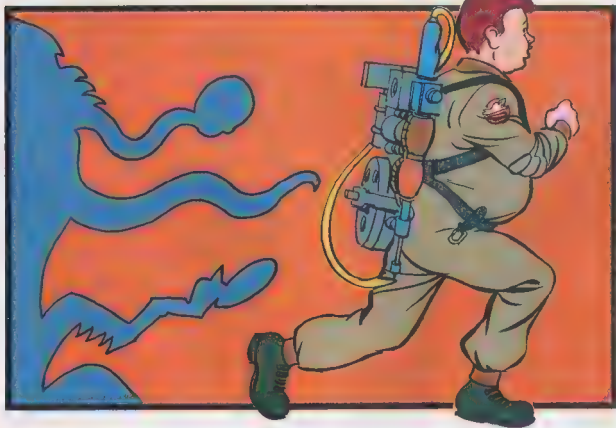
Out in the mainhall of the department store, Ray sprinted like a madman, knocking into racks of coats and colliding with make-up counters as he hurtled blindly through the dark. Over his shoulder he could see the burning eyes of the demon at his heels, glowing like fog lamps in an articulated lorry, and he could hear the howling roar it made as it floated after him at high speed. Ray threw himself up the escalator onto the second floor, dashing through menswear, baby food, household electrical and soft toys. All the while the nightmare free-roamer lived up to its name and free-roamed closer and closer behind him.

Desperately, Ray cut a sharp left through Hi Fi and records, doubled back into soft toys and almost flew through china wear, bedding, garden tools and pet care. Yet the demon was not put off. With a deafening roar that echoed like the 6.35 from Yonkers sounding its hooter in a tunnel, it sped on after him,

always closing. Just as Ray burst into carpets, and was beginning to think his legs could carry him no further, he realised they wouldn't have to. Carpets was a dead end. A blank wall. A cul-de-sac. There was no way out. He was trapped.

Back flat against the wall, he turned to see the thing bearing down on him. Closer it came, still closer, arms outstretched, howling and roaring. Ray braced himself. This was undoubtedly it. In a rush of sulphurous air, the demon was on him, Ray felt the demon's right hand press against his collarbone. Then the demon spoke.

"Tag," it said. "You're it!"



GRUDGE GREMLIN

This little monster was a complete fiend. "Vengeance is mine," said the gremlin, and truer words have never before been spoken! The mischievous sprite was, in fact, the reincarnation, in gremlin form, of an extremely nasty person, who went by the name of Graham Gripe. Now, Graham was the kind of person of whom it is said, "that nasty piece of work has got a chip on his shoulder." In Graham's case, however, the chip was the size of a very large King Edward potato and had been caused by his mother dropping him on his head as a baby. This, fairly understandably, caused the young Gripe to become very bitter towards his fellow man (and woman, in his mother's case) and those feelings manifested themselves when he was reincarnated into the offending gremlin.

The grudge-bearing spirit taunted Winston and then Peter at the Ghostbusters' HQ and is still at large.



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?

Suppose, dear reader, that you were challenged to run a marathon in record time. Would you, presuming that you were a runner of considerable talent, think that anything sinister would be in store for you if you accepted such a test? No, I should say not! A little wear and tear on your shoes, perhaps, and some undue physical exertion, certainly. Yet, what lay ahead of Hames Worson on September 3, 1873, was a horror which could never have been foreseen.

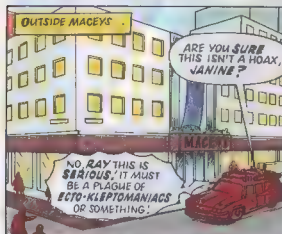
Worson was an athlete who was well-known in his home town of Leamington, Warwickshire, for being a gifted footracer. But his friends felt that he was exaggerating when he told them of the record times he had run. So, they challenged him to go the twenty-mile

distance from Leamington to Coventry. He agreed to this with relish, and on the appointed day he prepared himself, and his friends, Hammerson Burns and Barham Wise, decided to follow him in a horse-drawn gig, with a camera.

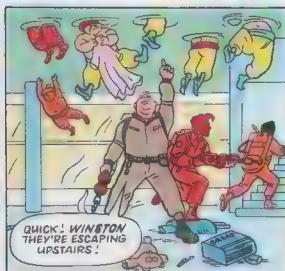
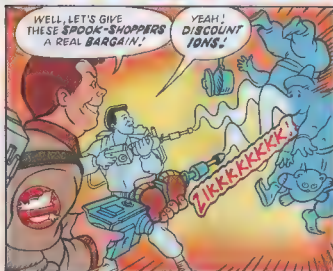
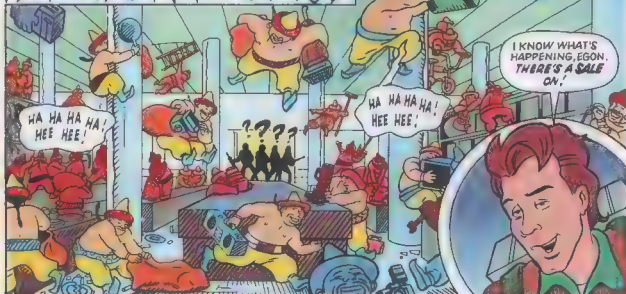
The three set out in an exalted mood, with the two friends keeping a close eye on Worson, to make sure that he ran the distance in the correct manner. He was running with apparent ease, turning around occasionally to converse with his friends. Then, it was about a quarter of the way to Coventry that the terror struck. Worson suddenly seemed to stumble and lurch forward, emitting a blood-curdling scream as he did so and then vanished completely before he hit the ground! Wise said later that, "It was the most ghastly sound either of us had ever heard."

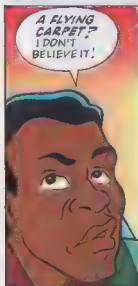
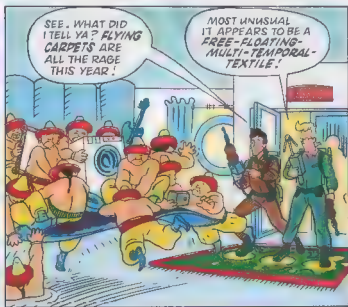
Having examined the road afterwards, it was clear that they had not imagined this episode, for there were the tracks in the dirt, stopping suddenly as if he had fallen over something very solid. Attempts to find a trace of his body were fruitless. The surrounding area was thoroughly combed and strangely, bloodhounds were loath to go near the spot where he disappeared. Since then, reports of a ghostly green runner have been frequent on this stretch of road and what actually happened to the unfortunate man, still remains a mystery to this day!

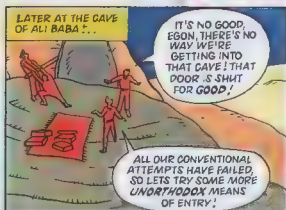
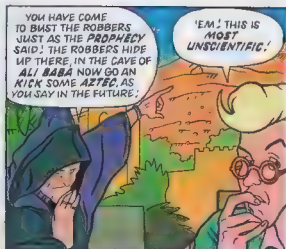
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

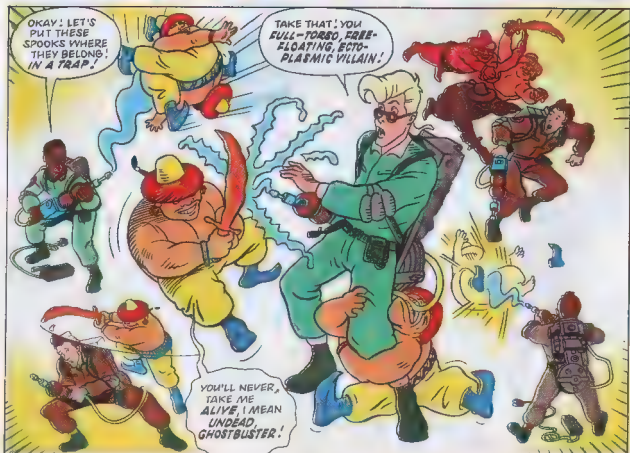
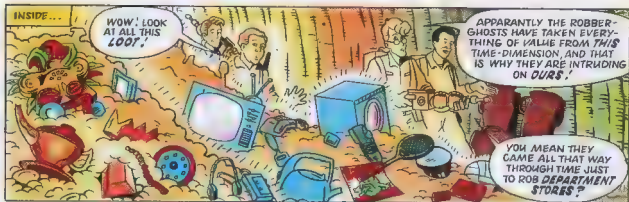


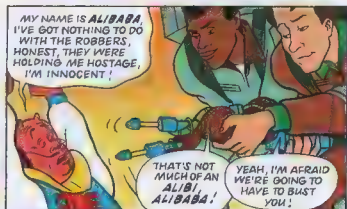
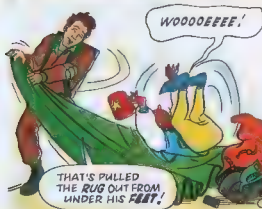
ARABIAN FRIGHTS!











PUT
NEW
IMPROVED
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INTO YOUR
MACHINE!

NOW
WEEKLY!
ISSUE 14 -
FREE SLIMY JELLY!
ISSUE 15 -
FREE GHOSTBUSTERS STICKERS
ISSUE 16 - FREE SNAPPY BADGES!



Ingredients:

The Real Ghostbusters
Halibut Square
Betty Boop
Popeye
Droids
Tom & Jerry
Defenders of the Earth

Colours: E43 E682 R2-D2
C-3PO and ECTO 1

GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Well hello there, grapple-fans. This week's collection included some real brain-teasers. Where do you get all these questions from? Anyway, keep them rolling in, I like a challenge.

Dear Peter...

Please could you answer my questions:

1. Are Proton Packs heavy to carry?
2. I need some advice... is it nice to be a slimed?
3. Has Slimer ever gone to school?

— Kevin Martin, Whitchurch

1. I'll say, but nothing the Ghostbusters can't handle, seeing as we're so tough! 2. Please, are you kidding? Try to imagine what it would feel like if a giant slug came and gunged itself all over you. No thanks! 3. Slimer hasn't, to our knowledge, ever gone to school. This may be why he talks in such an odd way. I can imagine him liking school dinners, though.

Can you tell me...

1. Do you really hate Slimer, after all he does come in handy at times?
2. Can I borrow a Proton Pack, or Slimer please, so that I can shut my friends up. They tease me about being a fan of Ghostbusters because I am sixteen and they feel that this is too old!

— Rachael Dobson, Norwich.

1. No comment. 2. I'm not sure why your friends tease you, after all, there isn't one Ghostbuster who in all honesty can even remember being sixteen and we're not embarrassed by our ages!

Please can you tell me if Slimer washes. I'd also like to know when you eat and if you have ever got caught in a traffic jam.

— Nathaniel Miller, Kelvedon

Slimer does occasionally indulge in a soak. He's quite partial to ectoplasmic bubble-bath, probably because the bubbles remind him of the fizzy drinks he washes his immense meals down with. We normally eat when Slimer hasn't put us off our food with his disgusting eating habits. As to the question of traffic jams, are you kidding? In New York, traffic jams are a way of life!

Can you tell me...

What does Slimer eat?

— Hannah Pawsey, Bury St. Edmunds.

I think it would be more appropriate if you were to ask what Slimer doesn't eat, Hannah. It would certainly take less time to list.

I have some questions for you:

1. Why do you always get slimed instead of Egon, Ray or Winston?
2. Why don't you have a drawing page in your comic?
3. If someone wanted to be as cool as you, what advice would you give them?

— Joseph Briers, St. Helens.

1. Well, I suppose it's because I was Slimer's first victim out of the four of us and old habits die hard. 2. Sorry, but no. Lack of space forbids. 3. It really is no good giving advice to someone who wants to be cool. Some things just have to come naturally, you know?

In which year was the Containment Unit built? I'd also like to know what Slimer's value to science is?

— Christopher Nolon, County Kildare

The Containment Unit was built, thankfully, around the time we moved into our HQ, before our first bust. Slimer's contribution to science is immense. Having a Class five full-roaming vapour at your disposal is a wonderful asset when you're a scientist. Being able to study such a thing at close range, being able to converse with a creature from a past world, getting pestered by a glowing green globule, getting slimed! It's great...

Where did you get your overalls?

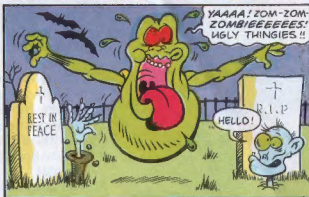
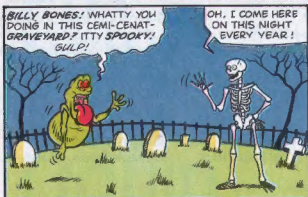
— Richard Corke, Maidstone

I know this sounds silly, but from an overall shop, of course!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



Story **BAMBOS** Art and Lettering **BAMBOS** Colouring **HEL**

AN UDDER ONE BITES THE DUST!



THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 5** Yes, that maniacal, materialistic mechanoid is at it again! He's on the trail of Keepsake, a slightly shady character first seen in *Doctor Who* monthly. There's a pot of gold and a vengeful ex-partner involved, too! Confused? **Do Not Forsake Me Oh My Darling**, by Furman and Higgins, has the answers.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 42** Another batch of ghoulish goings on, with **Monster Movie**, by Carnell, Williams and Marshall, where a ghost is haunting a horror film studio. Also, **Arabian Frights**, by Carnell and Harwood, where the 'busters find themselves up against Ali Baba! Then there's the text story by Abnett, featuring Ray and a friendly little critter in a department store!

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 211** A brand new story by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt, featuring two very nasty characters – the Deception Pretender Beasts. They're after Spike Witwicky, friend of Fortress Maximus. To find out why, you'll have to read **Man in the Machine**. Don't miss it!

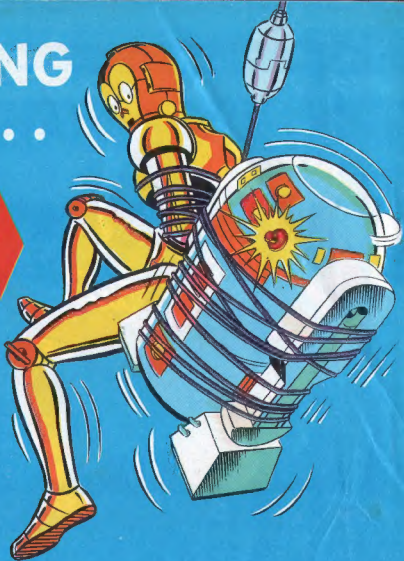
DON'T MISS...

☐ **THUNDERCATS 95** The first monthly issue, with two great strip stories. **Wilykat's Lair**, by Brenner, Coleby and Baskerville, has Wilykat setting out to build his own home, with the usual disastrous results. Then there's the classic **Worlds in Chaos**, by Furman, Harwood and Gascoine. Also, there are all the usual features – a text story by Abnett, jokes page, colouring page and, last but not least, **FREE STICKERS!**

ON SALE NOW!

DON'T HANG AROUND...

LIKE OUR TWO HEROES,
R2-D2 AND C3PO.



CAN THE GALAXY BE SAVED FROM
THIS EVIL, SWASH-BUCKLING
SCOUNDREL? *THE RED PIRATE!*

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